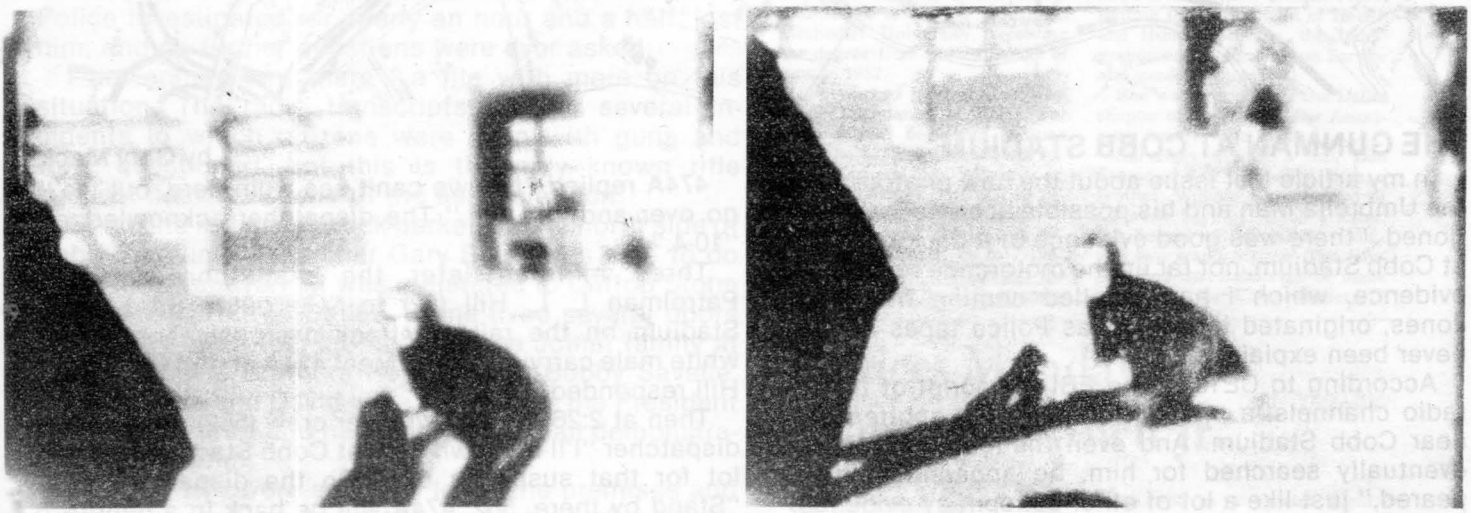
COVERUPS!

Number 17 | *Gary Mack, Editor & Publisher* | July, 1984



Two frames from newsfilm shot by NBC's Dave Weigman show witness Cheryl McKinnon less than a minute after the assassination.

My last look at Mr. President

By Cheryl McKinnon
Staff Writer

Reporter Cheryl McKinnon

Dealey Plaza in Dallas, Texas, is a lovely square. It sits in the heart of the downtown area, a haven for those who want to enjoy their lunch under a tree on a spot of grass.

On Nov. 22, 1963, I stood, along with hundreds of others, on the grassy knoll in Dealey Plaza, waiting for just one thing — a chance to see, even for just a moment, that magical person, the president, John F. Kennedy.

I had prepared for days to be in the plaza. As a journalism major in school, my plans were to write a story about my experiences as a class project. Kennedy was for me the ideal of what a president should be — young and aggressive, yet thoughtful and seemingly genuinely concerned for his fellow man.

As we stood watching the motorcade turn onto Elm Street, I tried to grasp every tiny detail of both President and Mrs. Kennedy. "How happy they look," I thought. Suddenly three shots in rapid succession rang out. Myself and dozens of others standing nearby turned in horror toward the back of the grassy knoll where it seemed the sounds had originated. Puffs of white smoke still hung in the air in small patches. But no one was visible.

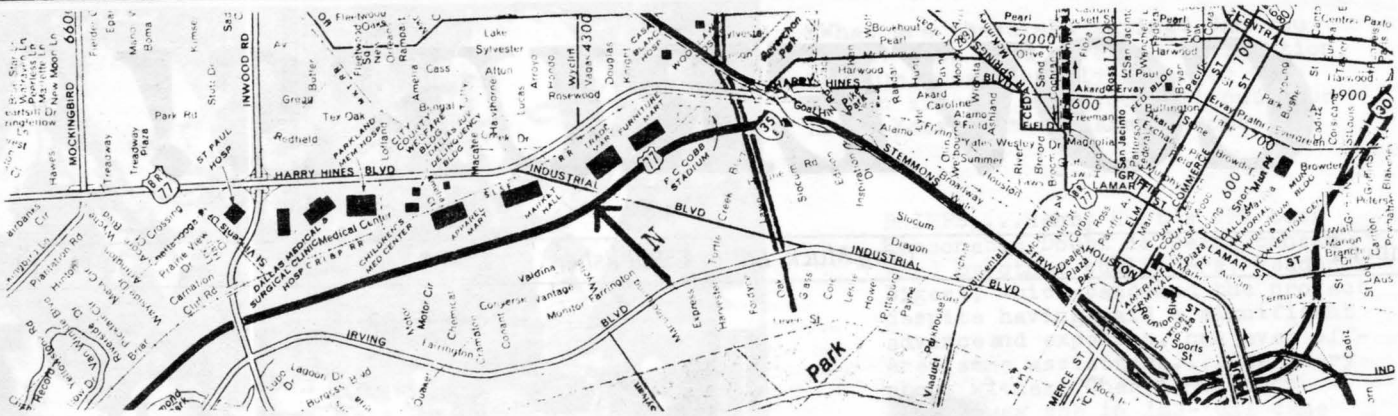
Turning back to the street, now terribly frightened, I suddenly realized the president was no longer sitting up in the seat waving to the crowd. He was slumped over toward his wife, whose facial expression left no doubt as to what had occurred. The motorcade was beginning to gain speed and soon passed under the railroad trestle headed for its eventual destination, Parkland Hospital.

It was an impressionable teenage girl who watched the assassination of a president, but today, 20 years later, it is still as clear in my mind as if it happened this morning. One moment they were laughing and waving. The next moment, both men were slumped over and pandemonium reigned.

As the months passed, following the shootings of first Kennedy, then Oswald and then the deaths of Ruby and others, I tried to maintain the faith with my government. I have read the Warren Commission Report in its entirety and dozens of other books as well. I am sorry to say that the only thing I am absolutely sure of today is that at least two of the shots fired that day in Dealey Plaza came from behind where I stood on the knoll, not from the book depository.

I can't accuse the government of hiding the truth or lying about the assassination, because no matter what I may personally believe, I have no proof. But that day in Dallas and those that followed left their mark and I have never quite had the same faith and trust in those that lead us as I did before.

SAN DIEGO STAR NEWS 11-20-83



THE GUNMAN AT COBB STADIUM

by Gary Mack

In my article last issue about the new photograph of the Umbrella Man and his possible accomplice, I mentioned "there was good evidence of a backup kill site at Cobb Stadium, not far up the motorcade route." The evidence, which I had recalled coming from Penn Jones, originated in the Dallas Police tapes and has never been explained.

According to CE1974, the FBI transcript of the two radio channels, a man with a rifle was spotted at or near Cobb Stadium. And even though 15-20 officers eventually searched for him, he apparently "disappeared," just like a lot of other conspiracy evidence.

Forty minutes after the assassination, Captain C. E. Talbert (15) radioed on Channel 1 to dispatchers Murray Jackson and Clifford Hulse (deceased) "If you can get 15/2 (Captain J. M. Souter), would you get him to put some personnel on those railroad tracks near Market Hall and proceed back toward this location to check out the tracks in this immediate vicinity."

In other words, Souter, who was stationed at the Trade Mart, was asked to send some officers onto the train tracks and cover the area all the way back to the TSBD where Talbert was stationed! That track paralleled Stemmons Freeway over two miles directly to the rear of the Depository.

But what was Talbert really asking? Nowhere on Channel 1 or 2 is there anything about a suspect; nor does the critics' tape contain relevant conversations not in CE1974. Therefore, Talbert must have gotten a tip from someone in, or near, the TSBD. What was that tip, who did it come from, and when?

The dispatcher, who sounds like Jackson, acknowledged Talbert's call and then tried to contact Souter, who didn't answer. Seconds later, Jackson radioed Talbert "10-4, 15, he's on Channel 2, he has the information."

How did the dispatcher know that without getting a response from Souter? Presumably from the Channel 2 dispatcher, Gerald Henslee, sitting nearby. Henslee had just been talking with Souter on Channel 2,but there was nothing on Channel 2 about a suspect! Since Souter didn't respond to Jackson, it's just as likely that he never heard the information.

Nothing more was said on Channel 1 about Talbert's mysterious request until 2:20, some 70 minutes later, when one of the dispatchers (either Hulse or J. A. McDaniel, who took over for Jackson) radioed an unidentified officer in the Special Service Bureau (474A): "There is a subject on this overpass carrying a rifle; railroad tracks, Cobb Stadium. Can you see him?"

474A replied "No, we can't see from here, but we'll go over and get him." The dispatcher acknowledged "10-4."

Three minutes later the dispatcher ordered Patrolman L. L. Hill (22) to "Go out toward Cobb Stadium on the railroad track overpass. There is a white male carrying a rifle. Meet 474A at that location." Hill responded "10-4."

Then at 2:26 the city wrecker crew (562) radioed the dispatcher "I'll be down here at Cobb Stadium parking lot for that suspect's car." So the dispatcher said "Stand by there, 562. 474A will be back in a minute." "Thank you."

Huh? What car? How did they know the suspect had a car unless they caught him? Has the transcript been edited? The tape? Both?

At 2:27 an unidentified officer, using call number 52, radioed the dispatcher "In regard to suspect, the T. C. Cobb Stadium; was it the (Harry) Hines overpass, the railroad overpass or the freeway overpass."

The dispatcher, not at all curious about the unknown caller, said "He is walking on the" when, according to the agent making the transcript, "someone cut in, unable to read." But the unknown caller must have heard the dispatcher, for he replied "10-4. Was that north or south bound, or do you know?" The dispatcher, still accepting as legit a bogus call number, said simply "Unknown" and 52 answered "10-4."

Moments later, at 2:28, the dispatcher called 474A to say "That wrecker's down there on the Cobb Stadium parking lot." 474A responded "We will meet him there."

Officer Hill then called in "I am here with him looking at the car." The dispatcher then clarified by saying "22 is with the wrecker at this time."

474A then said "The car that we want picked up is on the parking lot in front of the Merchandise (Furniture) Mart just north of Cobb Stadium. Will meet him there and take him to it." Hill asked "Is it a 1964 Falcon?"

This was apparent confusion caused by another suspect, with a rifle, at 5818 Belmont—a different section of the city. 474A corrected Hill by saying "No, it is a red panel truck with writing on the side."

The dispatcher then asked 474A for the license number and he eventually responded "3E9087."

Meanwhile, on Channel 2, Patrolman C. F. Goodson (107) asked the dispatcher "Any better location on that deal down here at Cobb Stadium?" Henslee responded "No, that's all we had on it."

Goodson continued "...there are about 15 or 20 of-

ficers out here covering this. Nobody can find anything."

Then Sergeant R. E. Dugger (18) radioed Souter "We have approximately 6 to 8 jockeys out here and 15 officers standing by out here. We have no actual need for except about 2. Can you advise?"

Souter then ordered "Release all you don't need out there."

That's all! End of suspect and end of investigation. A man with a rifle was seen along the motorcade route within 40 minutes of the assassination, the Dallas Police investigated for nearly an hour and a half, lost him, and no further questions were ever asked.

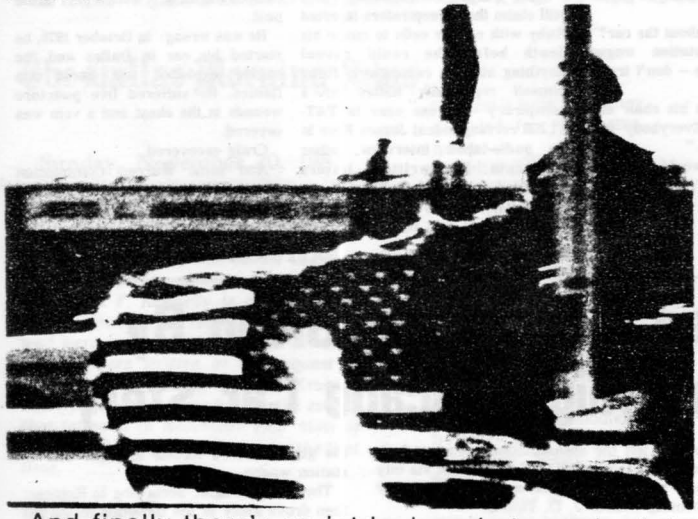
I bet somewhere there's a file with more on this situation. The radio transcripts include several incidents in which citizens were seen with guns and were questioned, but this is the only known rifle suspect near the scene of the assassination.

As for the red panel truck parked on the north side of Cobb Stadium, researcher Gary Shaw was able to do some followup work. It was registered to Clifton Stone of 2521 Waldrum in Dallas. Stone lived several doors down the street from members of the Joiner family at 2502 Waldrum. Brothers Roy Eugene, Bobby Savelle, Gary Dwayne and David were waiting for the President at the Trade Mart and had planned a small demonstration against him.

The brothers were asked to leave the premises and David was actually arrested and charged with investigation of conspiracy to murder the President. He was held in jail until the following Monday afternoon and fined $15.

News film at the Trade Mart shows at least two of the Joiners prior to the assassination; one had tape over his mouth as part of his protest.

According to CD1179, pages 132-146, David Joiner had run some gambling and bootlegging operations and was a member of the Independent White Citizens Council.



And finally there's an intriguing photograph of the Kennedy limousine on Stemmons Freeway as it crosses over Oak Lawn. In the background, at the southwest corner, is a building which housed an S&H Green Stamp operation. On the roof is what may be a man with a rifle-shaped object.

The picture seems to have been taken with a telephoto lens, which naturally magnifies the size of distant objects. To the photographer's rear, at the northeast corner, was Cobb Stadium.

OBITUARIES

Martha Jo Stroud

DTH 7-?-84

Martha Jo Stroud, an assistant U.S. attorney general who helped coordinate the Warren Commission's investigation into the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, has died of a heart attack at her home. She was 55.

At her request, no funeral or memorial service is planned.

Mrs. Stroud, who died Wednesday, was born and reared in Missouri and came to Dallas in the mid-1950s to attend Southern Methodist University, receiving her degree from SMU's School of Law in 1957.

She worked for the Southwest Legal Foundation at SMU. For about a year beginning in June 1960, she worked under Texas Attorney General Will Wilson as an assistant attorney general. She became an assistant district attorney under Dallas County District Attorney Henry Wade in July 1961 and on Sept. 11, 1961, joined the Dallas branch of the U.S. attorney general's office.

When Kennedy was assassinated two months later, she became the office's liaison with the Warren Commission, which investigated Kennedy's death. According to co-workers, she helped coordinate the assembling of evidence and other matters relating to hearings the commission held in Dallas.

She primarily handled the office's civil matters, include representing the Department of Health and Human Services, the Immigration and Naturalization Service and some tax litigation.

She was president of the Dallas chapter of the Federal Bar Association from 1971 to 1972.

Survivors include a son, Don Stroud of Salt Lake City, Utah; a brother, William Boyd Stroud of Colorado Springs, Colo.; a sister, Pat Feeney of Bakersfield, Calif.; and two grandchildren. The family asked that memorials be made to the American Cancer Society.

Services Monday for Charles T. Brown Jr.

DMN 7-7-84

Charles T. Brown Jr.

Memorial services for Charles T. "Charlie" Brown Jr., a retired special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, will be at 2:30 p.m. Monday at Sparkman Hillcrest Funeral Home.

Brown, 68, died Friday at Richardson Medical Center of cancer.

A native of Gastonia, N.C., Brown received his bachelor's degree from Davidson College, Davidson, N.C., in 1938. He attended George Washington University School of Law.

In 1940, he began working for the FBI as a special agent in Milwaukee. He also worked in FBI offices in San Francisco and Little Rock, Ark.

In 1947, Brown was promoted to supervisor at FBI headquarters in Washington, where he served for 11 years.

In 1958, he was transferred to the FBI Dallas office. Brown was one of the FBI agents who investigated the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in 1963.

Brown retired in 1976 after 36 years with the FBI.

Brown is survived by his wife, Millicent; and two daughters, Barbara Casey and Brenda Dickey, both of Dallas.

DMN 6-2-84

Deputy resigns before indecency charge filed

A Dallas County sheriff's patrol deputy resigned Friday afternoon just before he was charged with indecency with a child, county officials said.

Roger Craig Jr., 30, of the 8800 block of Files Street, was named in the felony warrant issued by Municipal Judge Michael O'Neal late Thursday. Bond listed in the warrant is $3,000.

Craig allegedly asked a 12-year-old girl to perform oral sex on him, forced her to touch his genitals and fondled her, Dallas police said.

Police and hospital officials said Craig took an unspecified drug overdose Thursday night and was in fair condition Friday at Southeastern Methodist Hospital.

County officers will arrest Craig at the hospital as soon as he is well enough to leave, sheriff's spokesman Jim Ewell said.

Craig was placed on administrative leave after the sheriff's office received word of the drug overdose, Ewell said. Sheriff's Department internal affairs investigators were called in after the county officials learned of the impending criminal charges, Ewell said.

From his hospital bed, Craig gave his supervisor and another officer a handwritten, one-sentence resignation at 2:45 p.m., Ewell said.

Craig was a six-year veteran of the Sheriff's Department.

(Roger is the son of one of the few real heroes in the Kennedy assassination story. Roger Sr committed suicide after years of telling the truth as he knew it. It seems that tragedy is still a part of his family. The following articles were written by John Moulder, a responsible journalist and researcher.)

Lost His Job, Shot, Bombed, Discredited

Cop in Dealey Plaza Who Saw Oswald Drive Away With a Man in a Rambler

ROGER CRAIG, working for Sheriff's Office, spotted Oswald. Had Warren Commission listened to him, a conspiracy would have been established.

Had the testimony of a Dallas law enforcement officer – as well as backup statements by other witnesses – been accepted, a conspiracy in the assassination of President John Kennedy might have been proved beyond doubt.

Instead, the unvarying eyewitness testimony of Sheriff's Deputy Roger Craig was discredited and twisted around by Warren Commission probers.

And because Craig's testimony didn't jibe with what the commission wanted the official lone-assassin version to be, he has been threatened with death and constantly harassed, the former lawman and his friend believe.

Craig, now 37, was named "officer of the year" in the Dallas County Sheriff's Department in 1960, but on Independence Day, 1967, after never wavering from his statements of what happened in Dealey Plaza the day Kennedy was shot, he was fired.

Since then, he has been shot, wounded when his auto was bombed, heard threats made against himself and his family and has lost job after job.

He's now living in an undisclosed location.

The key points that place Craig in the midst of the controversy surrounding the Kennedy assassination are these:

• **HE SAYS HE SAW** a man running out of the Texas School Book Depository and get inside a Rambler station wagon driven by a man who appeared to be of Latin descent and driving away 15 minutes after the shot was fired.

• **LATER THAT DAY**, at the Dallas police station, he identified Lee Harvey Oswald as the man he saw running from the depository building. The Warren Commission claims Oswald took buses and a cab in his odyssey that led him to the Texas Theater in Oak Cliff where he was arrested. Had Craig's testimony been accepted, it would indicate at least a second person being involved – thus, a conspiracy.

• **MRS. RUTH PAINE**, with which Oswald's Russian wife, Marina, lived in the Dallas suburb of Irving, drove a Rambler station wagon similar to the one Craig saw Oswald enter.

• **CRAIG SAID HE** first gave this information to a man standing on the depository steps who identified himself as a Secret Service agent. The former deputy five years later, during New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's abortive investigation of the Kennedy assassination, would identify the "Secret Service agent" as Edgar Eugene Bradley, a California right-wing minister Garrison indicted for conspiracy to kill the President.

Craig was one of the deputies assigned to Dealey Plaza to "epresent the Sheriff's Department" but not to participate in the security for the President's visit, Craig recalls in his manuscript "When They Kill a President," his own account of his experiences.

He recalls the bitterness against Kennedy by the law enforcement officers in the city in which JFK's popularity was at a low ebb.

When Craig remarked to another officer that the President's motorcade was late reaching Dealey Plaza, the other lawman replied:

"Maybe somebody will shoot the son-of-a-bitch."

He said when the motorcade arrived, and he heard the shots, he began questioning people.

"Several people indicated to me that they thought the shots came from the area of the grassy knoll or behind the picket fence (to the front and right of Kennedy)," said Craig. The Warren Commission contends the only shots were fired by Oswald from the sixth floor of the depository building behind Kennedy.

ABOUT 15 MINUTES after the shots were fired, he contends, he heard a shrill whistle from the north side of Elm Street.

"I turned and saw a white male in his twenties running down the grassy knoll from the direction of the Texas School Book Depository Building. A light green Rambler station wagon was coming slowly west on Elm Street.

"The driver of the station wagon was a husky looking Latin, with dark wavy hair, wearing a tan wind breaker type jacket. He was looking up at the man running toward him," Craig recalls.

The driver pulled up to the curb, picked up the running man, and drove west on Elm Street.

Craig realized these were the only people not running to the scene – curious about what had happened.

The officer ran to Elm and Houston, asked for an investigator, and a man standing on the depository steps said, "I'm with the Secret Service." Craig gave the man the information and he wrote it in a pad.

IT WAS MORE THAN four years later that Craig saw the "Secret Service man's" picture on television. He claimed it was Edgar Eugene Bradley – Garrison had charged him in the assassination probe. Craig telephoned Garrison and thus became a part of the New Orleans investigation.

After Oswald's arrest, Craig heard his description broadcast. Craig thought of the man running from the depository. He called Capt. Will Fritz, homicide chief, and was asked to go to the police station and look at Oswald.

Craig said he looked at Oswald and identified him.

According to Craig, Fritz told Oswald:

"This man saw you leave."

Oswald replied: "I told you people I did."

Fritz said: "What about the car?"

Oswald: "That station wagon belongs to Mrs. Paine – don't try to drag her into this."

Oswald sat back in his chair and said disgustedly: "Everybody will know who I am now."

This encounter would not be remembered by Fritz later in testimony before the Warren Commission.

Craig never actually testified before the commission itself. His statement was taken by junior commission lawyer David W. Belin, who now happens to be the Gerald Ford-appointed executive director of the Nelson Rockefeller Commission investigating domestic espionage by the CIA. Craig contends Belin changed 14 different points in his testimony that appeared in the Warren Commission volumes.

DALLAS COUNTY SHERIFF Bill Decker, now dead, wouldn't let Craig talk to national newsmen who tried to interview him about his account during the coming years.

And later, when Craig was assigned to a desk job in the county jail, Decker expressed annoyance because the deputy was talking to Oswald assassin Jack Ruby's sister Eva Grant, who was concerned about her brother's health.

Finally, after Ruby's death penalty conviction was overturned and a new trial set in Wichita Falls, the Wichita County sheriff came to take charge of the prisoner. The sheriff refused to accept him because he was ill. It was then that Ruby was taken to Parkland Hospital – where Kennedy died – and died a few days later of cancer.

Some Warren Commission critics still claim that conspirators injected Ruby with cancer cells to cause his death before he could reveal anything about a conspiracy. Ruby himself repeatedly hinted at a conspiracy – in one case to TATTLER correspondent James Kerr in an audio-taped interview, other times in handwritten letters smuggled out of the Dallas jail.

CRAIG, ON NOV. 1, 1967, was working for a bail bond service in Dallas. He said he was asked to meet a client at a location.

He said he went there, had coffee with the client at a waffle house, and when he walked out "...a shot rang out behind me and the hair just above my left ear parted.

"I felt a pressure and sharp pain on the left side of my head. I bolted for my car ... I drove home as fast as possible."

When publicity about the attempt on Craig's life got out, he lost his job. It was just the start of a long chain of personal hardships that would follow the assassination witness.

Once when driving to work, a car pulled along beside him, the driver stuck a revolver out the sindow, but before he could fire another car pulled up and he withdrew the pistol.

SHORTLY BEFORE the New Orleans trial, Craig received a telephone call asking if he was going to New Orleans.

When Craig said yes, the caller replied:

"Get a one-way ticket."

Another voice called again:

"Remember you have a family."

Despite the threats, Craig gave his testimony at Shaw's trial.

HIS PERSONAL hardships continued, but Craig may have figured the threats were a part of the past.

He was wrong: In October 1970, he started his car in Dallas and the engine exploded and burst into flames. He suffered five puncture wounds in the chest and a vein was severed.

Craig recovered.

And some Warren Commission critics still believe he is a fugitive from those involved in a conspiracy to kill the President.–J.M.

NATIONAL TATTLER 6-8-75

Warren Commission Ignored Information Given By Eyewitness Who Backed up Craig's Escape Car Story

The Warren Commission had an eyewitness who corroborated the testimony of Dallas County Sheriff's Deputy Roger D. Craig – but chose to ignore it.

The statement of the witness, Marvin C. Robinson, who lived in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, was not included in the 26 volume Warren Commission Report on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

THE DOCUMENT revealing Robinson's statement to FBI agents John F. Almon and J. Calvin Rice was found in the National Archives by Richard Popkin, philosophy professor at Washington University in St. Louis and author of "The Second Oswald."

"It was the most hidden document in the Warren Commission records," Popkin told TATTLER.

Craig said he saw a man run down the grassy incline from the Texas School Book Depository and get into a light colored station wagon, which drove away. The sheriff's deputy testified to the Warren Commission that he later identified the running man as Lee Harvey Oswald.

THIS TESTIMONY, had it been accepted by the Warren Commission, would have been strong evidence that more than one person was involved in the assassination – thus, a conspiracy.

But Craig's testimony was discounted by Warren Commission members, who insisted Oswald left the assassination scene on foot, then went to his Oak Cliff apartment via city bus and taxicab, before minutes later shooting Officer J. D. Tippitt.

Now, through the suppressed Commission Document 70, Craig's statement is finally backed up.

On Nov. 23, 1963, one day after the assassination, Robinson told the FBI agents he was driving west on Elm shortly after the shots were fired into the Kennedy motorcade in Dealey Plaza.

AS HE CROSSED the intersection of Elm and Houston he saw a white Nash station wagon stop in the traffic near the depository.

The witness said he saw a man come down the grass-covered incline and get into the station wagon.

The station wagon, according to Robinson, then drove away in the direction of the Oak Cliff section of Dallas – the area where Oswald lived and where Officer Tippitt was killed.

Unlike Craig, Robinson told the agents he was unable to identify the man who entered the station wagon.

Craig, who never drifted from his initial account of what happened in Dealey Plaza that day, claimed later he was threatened and harrassed for years.

The former sheriff's deputy was found dead to death recently. The death was ruled suicide.

NATIONAL TATTLER 7-13-75

'I AM TIRED OF ALL THIS PAIN...'

Death of Ex-Lawman Craig Who Aided Garrison Probe Brings to 30 Number Of Assassination Figures Who've Died

Another investigator into the assassination of President Kennedy has died violently.

The death of former Dallas County sheriff's deputy Roger Dean Craig brings to at least 30 the number of persons directly connected with the investigation who have died unnatural deaths.

Craig, who died of a gunshot wound May 15, apparently took his own life, authorities said.

The death of Craig, who was featured in a June 8, 1975 TATTLER special report on assassinations, brought a mysterious end to the ex-lawman's decade-long effort to prove through his eye-witness evidence that a conspiracy was involved in the slaying of President Kennedy.

Craig's death follows by six months the latest attempt on his life. Craig said a stranger appeared at a Waxahachie, Texas, home and shot Craig as he answered a knock at the door.

HIS EYE-WITNESS account of the events in Dealey Plaza just after Kennedy was shot and his testimony before the Warren Commission made Craig a controversial national figure.

Because of his contentions and his testimony in New Orleans Dist. Atty. Jim Garrison's probe of a Kennedy assassination conspiracy, Craig said he had been unable to hold a job and his life had been threatened.

In the years following the assassination, Craig had been wounded and his car had been bombed.

Craig was a sheriff's deputy assigned to Dealey Plaza when President Kennedy's motorcade was fired on in Dallas.

Fifteen minutes after the shots were fired, Craig said, he saw Lee Harvey Oswald, the accused assassin, run from the Texas School Book Depository and get into a Rambler station wagon driven by a man of apparent Latin descent.

THE WARREN Commission claimed that Oswald acted alone in the assassination and that no evidence of a conspiracy was found.

If Craig's testimony had been accepted by the Commission, it would have proved at least a second person was involved with Oswald that day – therefore, a conspiracy.

Craig's testimony was not given credibility by Commission staffers even though his background as a lawman was distinguished.

The sheriff's office named him "Man of the Year" in 1960 for capturing an international jewel thief.

Craig told the Warren Commission:

"The station wagon stopped almost directly across from me. The man continued down the hill and got in the station wagon. I wanted to talk to both of them. But traffic was so heavy I couldn't get across the street. And they were gone before I could."

LATER, AFTER Oswald was arrested, Craig went to the Dallas police station and identified Oswald as the man he saw entering the station wagon.

The Warren Commission contends Oswald left the book depository, got on a bus, rode a few blocks, transferred to a cab and later ended up in Dallas' Oak Cliff where he shot policeman J.D. Tippett.

Craig was fired from the Dallas Sheriff's Department in 1967 after he became a witness in Garrison's New Orleans investigation.

Craig, 39, was shot in the upper chest. A 22-caliber rifle was found near his body. Police said a suicide note was also found.

Craig's father, K.A. Craig, said he found his son lying in a back bedroom when he came in from mowing the lawn.

THE FATHER said he didn't hear the shot.

"I am tired of this pain," police said Craig wrote in the note.

He had been taking pain killing pills since he received injuries in an auto accident two years ago.

Craig said in the note that he was sorry for what he had to do, police reported.

THE FORMER lawman told of his personal hardships and attempts and threats against his life in a never-published book manuscript he wrote in 1971.

NATIONAL TATTLER 7-13-75

(Above, a small portion of the best of 3 photos showing the car. TSBD clock reads 12:40. Gary Shaw interviewed Robinson, found him extremely credible, and was told he was right behind the car when the man got in. The WC even considered Robinson a "key person" according to it's 3-26-64 letter. Robinson had Naval Reserve duty when the WC wanted him to testify; when he returned, the WC was not interested.)

EYEWITNESSES TO TRAGEDY

The inside stories of how a band of reporters covered Kennedy's assassination

The Dallas Morning News

Sunday, November 20, 1983

This story of how The Dallas Morning News *covered the assassination of President John F. Kennedy is a compilation from the memoirs of reporters and editors who were involved. Their personal recollections were written at the request of then-managing editor Jack Krueger shortly after that tragedy and the events that followed in November 1963. Most of that material is published here for the first time.*

By Kent Biffle
Staff Writer of The News

Gunshots echoing in his ears, Jack Bell lunged from his seat in the rear of the press-pool limousine. He stretched over the front seat to reach for the radio-telephone attached to the dashboard.

Merriman Smith, seated in front, quickly snatched up the instrument and began telling its mouthpiece that the president's parade was under fire.

When the dignified, thinly-mustached Smith refused to relinquish the phone at Bell's demand, Bell tried to wrest it from him. They grappled for the instrument.

Bell was the chief political writer for the Associated Press. Smith belonged to United Press International. Smith was the dean of White House reporters, the one who ended every press conference with "Thank you, Mr. President."

Smith and Bell were more intellectual than athletic. At that moment, however, they were battling like beasts for a bone.

Chauffeur of the limo was a Texas highway patrolman. He was spurred on by a sharp kick from Smith. The big automobile lurched after the speeding presidential convertible. John F. Kennedy's car was screaming with motorcycle escorts toward Parkland Hospital.

The earth had moved on Nov. 22, 1963. A great tragedy was unfolding in Dallas. Backstage and off camera other dramas were being played. Hundreds of bewildered journalists were groping to report every detail of a bizarre chain of shocking events, events of a magnitude to disrupt the flow of history.

The violent, puzzling story had to be told swiftly. World powers may pause to mourn, but newspapers have deadlines.

From Robert Baskin, chief of *The Morning News'* Washington Bureau, there came an eyewitness account of both the deadly parade and the lively contest for the phone between Bell and Smith. Both of the wire service rivals have been dead for years. Baskin died in retirement in Dallas last summer. But there remains, along with Baskin's published pieces, his diary of bloody deeds in Dallas:

"We left Washington on the morning of Nov. 21 in bright, clear weather. Riding on a Pan American jet, the press party was a large one. Interest ran high on how Mr. Kennedy would do in Texas. At San Antonio and Houston there were friendly receptions despite the divisions and feuding in the Texas Democratic party. We arrived in Fort Worth that night . . .

"The next morning it was raining when we awoke. There was a breakfast appearance for the president and Mrs. Kennedy in the hotel, and Mr. Kennedy was in good form, appearing cheerful and confident. He was extremely well received, and Mrs. Kennedy, who made a belated arrival, was cheered by the breakfast audience when she entered, wearing the pink suit and matching hat that was her attire for the morning.

"After the breakfast Mr. Kennedy went outside to greet a crowd gathered in the front of the hotel. Vice-President Johnson accompanied him. The rain had stopped, and a brisk breeze was rapidly clearing the sky. Mr. Kennedy returned to his hotel suite to prepare for his departure for Dallas.

"That morning I had been assigned to the press pool, composed of four correspondents who would follow the President closely that day. Other members were Smith of UPI, Bell of AP and Bob Clark of ABC . . .

"It was approximately 11 a.m. when the President and Mrs. Kennedy came out of the hotel. We raced for the pool car. Quickly the motorcade was on its way to Carswell Air Force Base. Arriving there, members of the pool got on the presidential jet for the 10-minute flight to Dallas

"At Love Field an enthusiastic crowd greeted the president. He alarmed the Secret Service somewhat with an unscheduled hand-shaking tour along the fence line. Mrs. Kennedy, carrying a bouquet of red roses given her by Mrs. Earle Cabell (wife of the Dallas mayor) accompanied him, apparently enjoying it.

"The motorcade got under way about noon. Behind the car bearing Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and Governor and Mrs. Connally came the big Secret Service Cadillac known as the Queen Mary, then a car bearing Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson, followed by another open car in which Mayor and Mrs. Cabell and U.S. Rep. Ray Roberts rode. Then came the press pool car, which unlike those ahead, was a closed sedan.

"Malcolm Kilduff, the assistant White House press secretary, rode in the front seat with Smith between him and the driver. I was on the left in the rear seat with Bell between me and Clark. Kilduff was full of questions about Dallas. There were some quips about what the vice-president and Sen. Ralph Yarborough might be talking about. The day before in San Antonio and Houston, Yarborough had refused to ride in the same car with Mr. Johnson. But during the night, the president reportedly had persuaded him to join the vice-president in the cause of party unity.

"In the heart of downtown Dallas, Kilduff spoke repeatedly of the tremendously friendly reception the president was receiving.

"We turned off Main Street onto Houston for the last leg of the motorcade route to the Trade Mart at almost 12:30 p.m. We saw the president's car make the turn after that in front of the Texas School Book Depository Building, gaining a bit of speed. The press pool car was halfway down the block before the left turn when the first shot rang out. 'What the hell was that?' somebody asked.

"We had just turned the corner for the approach to the triple underpass moments later when the second and third shots were heard. We came to a halt. Ahead we could see considerable movement around the president's car but could not make out what it was all about.

"There was no mistaking that the presidential party was under fire. People could be seen diving for the ground, some protecting their children with their bodies. I opened my door and prepared to get out to see what was going on and for one brief moment thought it might be advisable to seek cover. But suddenly the president's car gunned away. There were shouts at our driver to get moving. The driver honked at the mayor's car ahead to urge it to move.

"Then began the wildest automobile ride of my life. We didn't know precisely what had happened, other than that the president had been fired on. Smith grabbed the telephone. 'Where did that happen? Where did that happen?' he shouted at me. For the life of me, I couldn't get the words out, and the driver told him it was at the triple underpass."

By then Bell and Smith were locked in their contest for the phone.

"We got one good glimpse of the president's car on the way, as it turned onto Harry Hines. No one but the driver and Secret Service man in front could be seen sitting erect. Bell soon got the telephone and was calling AP just as the president's car turned sharply into the entrance of Parkland Hospital. We knew then that something terrible had happened . . ."

Meanwhile, other *Dallas Morning News* reporters and photographers were scattered along the parade route, investigating the scene of the shooting, waiting anxiously at the Trade Mart and converging on Parkland.

When Air Force One had landed at Love Field, Lewis Harris (who has left *The News* but remains a Dallas journalist) quite by luck gained a choice place in the motorcade. He wrote:

"Reporters Mike Quinn (now a professor of journalism at the University of Texas), Larry Grove (who died from a heart attack three years ago) and Kent Biffle had joined me for the ride to the airport . . . An unmarked police car was swinging into the area restricted for the arrival ceremonies as we approached. Falling in behind the car, we stayed close as though we belonged there as it led us unchallenged through several police lines. We later learned that no other local press cars were allowed into this area. Our lucky position in the motorcade was the first of several breaks that would mean so much to us during the next few hours . . .

"I had asked a Secret Service agent a couple of days earlier — only a few feet from where we waited now — if any unusual security measures had been taken for the presidential visit in Dallas. 'No,' he had replied confidently, 'we don't believe we'll have any real need for any.'

" . . . As the motorcade progressed, the crowds showed overflowing friendliness and had nothing but cheers for the president and First Lady. Then came Main Street, the last lap through the downtown area. We were relaxed now, reassured by the deafening cheers ahead. 'They've got this town wrapped around their little fingers,' I smiled.

" . . . The reports reverberated in our ears like cannon shots. 'Firecrackers,' Quinn exclaimed, but not convinced. 'Motorcycle backfires?' someone said questioningly.

"I said, 'It's shots. Someone jump out and see.'

"Biffle and Grove bailed out of the rear seat . . ."

On reading it now, my account spurs a lasting memory of the blood-spattered First Lady clambering wildly over the back seat of the car:

"The sound of the first shot seemed to freeze the motorcade. The press bus in front of our car halted. Another shot cracked.

"As I slammed the car door behind me one more shot rang out. Our car had been approaching the turn from Houston onto Elm when the procession stopped. People were everywhere.

"A rush of men and women swept by me. They were running away from the sound of shots. A few of us ran toward the shooting.

"People were crouched behind the concrete structures in the plaza. On the grassy slope that drops down toward the underpass, several figures were flat on the ground.

"The big open cars were pulling out of position in the motorcade up ahead. They were screeching off toward the underpass.

"For a moment my mind was racing, but out of gear. This couldn't be happening. I was supposed to be doing a color story . . . A woman was screaming in my ear. 'President Kennedy just slumped down. Jackie jumped on the back seat . . .'

"Many people pointed toward a fence that connected with the underpass structure. Hysterical, the witnesses thought at first the shots came from there.

"I ran that way. Some teen-agers followed. One of them darted ahead and hit the fence before I did. I remember thinking, 'This nutty kid is going to get his head blown off and he's not even getting paid for it.'

"Puffing, I followed.

"The other side of the fence produced no gunman. There was just a maze of railroad tracks and three dazed winos. 'What happened?' I asked one. 'What happened?' he asked me.

"People were still climbing over the fence. I ran east toward the Texas School Book Depository.

"A policeman was talking to a black boy . . . The boy was pointing at the upper levels of the building. The crowd seemed to have drawn back from the building.

"What had gone on before, my sprinting and fence climbing, must have consumed little time. Only two newsmen had arrived at the ambush building by this point. And I had come by a long route. The other guy was from WFAA-TV.

"Getting in was no problem. I just hid my press badge and went in with the first wave of cops.

Plain-clothes men and uniform policemen alike had their guns drawn. Several had riot guns.

"I had hoped we would search the building one floor at a time. They moved fast, these policemen. Instead of combing the first floor together, they split up. One group took the first floor, another took the second and another group headed for the third.

"I couldn't be everywhere. I decided to go with the men searching the second floor. I was surprised to find wailing women in several offices. It had not occurred to me that there would be anyone but the sniper in the building. And I had a theory about the sniper. I figured that with the last shot, the gunman, in all probability, had taken his own life.

"A stenographer in one of the offices was the best witness to the shooting that I have heard yet. She told how the bullets hit President Kennedy. I knew then that he was almost certainly fatally struck. She said, 'I saw his hair fly up . . .' and she burst into sobs.

"I needed to phone the city desk. There was a phone in an office with two lines. I grabbed it and put it to my ear. A man was telling his broker to 'sell everything except Telephone.' I pushed the other button and on the other line another man was giving his broker similar instructions.

"The policemen had moved to other offices while I interviewed the women. When I opened the door into the corridor to follow the policemen, I nearly got it.

"Patrolmen at either end of the hall threw down on me with riot guns.

"It is strange that during my experience in the building, I at no time feared that I would be shot by the assassin. But several times I was afraid that nervous policemen would shoot me.

"It didn't take the policemen long to find the spent cartridges by the ambush window. We all stood staring at the brown wrapping paper found nearby. It was a reasonable conclusion that it had held the rifle.

"An officer in the northwest corner of the room yelled: 'Over here.' I ran over, dodging down narrow alleys in the stacks of packing crates. I was secure in the knowledge that my theory was materializing. They'd found the body of the gunman, I guessed.

"I was let down when the policeman pointed among a jumble of boxes at the hidden rifle. The muzzle and the steel butt plate were visible.

"The WFAA-TV man and I remained the only newsmen in the building. I went down to the front door. There was a mob of photographers and reporters gathered there now. Two policemen at the door were barring their path. I asked one of the policemen if I could leave the building. He said I could but that I couldn't return. I decided to stay . . ."

Police reporter Jim Ewell (now information officer for the Dallas County Sheriff's Department) was doing a story on the security angle of the President's visit. He drove toward the Trade Mart for the speech after leaving Love Field where he had seen Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry:

"No evidence of concern on his face, I thought. In fact, Curry was in a jovial mood. All around, security preparations were in order and, Curry sensed this . . .

"On Stemmons southbound, I noticed people getting out of cars on both shoulders of the expressway as I neared the Trade Mart. People were running across the expressway, and my thoughts turned to the possibility of someone getting mowed down by the cars while trying to catch a glimpse of the motorcade turning into the Trade Mart.

"Beyond the Trade Mart, the crowds on the sides of the expressway were thicker, so I pulled off and stopped . . . I switched on KLIF Radio as a bulletin came on: 'Three shots have been fired at President Kennedy's motorcade.' I cursed myself for being in traffic and unable to phone the desk . . ."

Ewell drove to police headquarters and wheeled into the basement where a man named Jack Ruby would become a celebrity two days later.

"I met Police Sgt. Jerry Hill as I ran up to the basement jail office. I asked, 'What the hell's happening?' He said, 'Kennedy's been shot.'

"Hill ordered a police car and I jumped in with him. The patrolman at the wheel drove us at breakneck speed to the book depository. The place was filled with cops of every kind. Cops were standing side by side either aiming shotguns or rifles at the building or cradling their weapons . . ."

The speeding press pool car had gained on the presidential limo before it reached Parkland, Baskin recalled:

"The presidential car halted at the emergency entrance and our car moved up close behind it. We raced to the president's car, hospital attendants gathered around it. As we got there I saw first of all the large splotch of blood on Governor Connally's back. He stood up and was helped to a stretcher. Mrs. Connally appeared collapsed in her seat. In the back seat, the president's body lay face down. Mrs. Kennedy, her pink hat gone and her hair disheveled, was bent over him. There was a large amount of blood on the floor and around the president's head. Attendants quickly moved him onto a stretcher.

"I ran into the emergency entrance of the hospital just behind the stretchers. Smith, however, beat me to the first phone we came to. I hurried on to the blood bank center and demanded, pretty rudely, I'm afraid, a telephone. A woman attendant was very obliging and I called *The Morning News*. Somehow or other I got Eddie Hughes (then Fort Worth correspondent; now a San Antonio public relations man), and I told him what had happened, urging that more reporters and photographers be sent out immediately. A few minutes later I called again and urged that a radio car be sent out, since it was obvious phoning would become increasingly difficult.

"More reporters began to arrive. The first dozen or so managed to get into the hospital . . . Then the entrance was barred to everyone. We could get no word about the president or Governor Connally at all. I recall going up to Kenneth O'Donnell (a Kennedy aide), who was standing in the corridor, and asking what he knew. He could not talk. There were tears in his eyes . . ."

Bill Rives, an assistant managing editor (now retired), recalled:

"We had made exhaustive plans for full coverage of the President's trip to Texas and those plans had been carried out superbly up to the time of the visit to Dallas. We had blanketed the President's moves and speeches and our reporters and photographers had done outstanding work

"The same sort of blanket coverage was under way on Nov. 22, when Tom Simmons, an assistant managing editor (who later would serve as executive editor of *The Morning News* until his retirement), John King, city editor (deceased), and I went to the luncheon at the Trade Mart. There, we found our wives and located our table, ready to join in the welcome of the president.

"As I recall, the time for his arrival had passed by a number of minutes and I remarked to someone at the table that 'The president is late but these things often are off schedule.'

"The first inkling any of us had that something was wrong was when we saw Bill Winfrey, a *News* photographer (now a free-lance photographer), talking in the middle of the luncheon hall with Joe Dealey, president of *The Dallas Morning News* (now chairman of the board of A.H. Belo Corp., which owns *The News*). We joined the group. Winfrey, obviously shaken, said he had heard from a police officer outside the Trade Mart that the president had been shot or that he had been the target of a shooting. Winfrey said the policeman wasn't sure, as the report over his patrol car radio was incomplete at that time.

"Harry McCormick, a veteran police reporter (deceased), had joined us and we told him the news and asked him if he could check Parkland. He rushed off and soon came running back with confirmation that the president had been wounded and was at Parkland.

"We rushed out of the building to McCormick's car. We raced to the office . . . King took over coverage and the orders flew thick and fast.

"When Krueger arrived, he began clearing off pages.

"Earlier I had talked to Bob Baskin on one of our car radios taken to the Parkland scene by a photographer. Baskin dictated some notes to one of our staffers via this two-way radio setup. I took notes and began writing a first-person story under Baskin's byline for the first edition.

"Meantime, King had suggested that perhaps Paul Crume (the late author of *The News'* popular front-page column, *Big D*), who was at the office, could do the main story. We were getting information from many sources and needed someone to put it together. Crume tackled the job in Krueger's office. We funneled all the wire stories, carbons of our staff stories, and word-of-mouth information to him and he assembled it into a single, finely-written story."

A little earlier, Ewell was joined outside the book depository building by reporter Hugh Aynesworth (now a free-lance writer and co-author of a book on mass-killer Ted Bundy). Ewell recalled:

"Aynesworth came up. Sgt. Hill came out of the building to tell us about finding the sniper's nest on the sixth floor.

"Dallas County Sheriff Bill Decker showed up. He was very grim-faced. He had ridden in the lead car with Chief Curry and Forrest Sorrells, the Secret Service agent in charge. Decker perhaps knew then that Kennedy had been fatally wounded, but all he'd say was 'It looks bad.'

"One couldn't help hearing the blare over the police car radios around me. I heard Sgt. Gerald Henslee dispatching cars to Oak Cliff on a report a cop had been shot. Aynesworth asked if one of us shouldn't go to Oak Cliff. 'Take off. I'll stay here,' I told Aynesworth. I saw him run toward a carload of cops.

"Police Capt. W.R. Westbrook headed for a car and asked if I wanted to come along. I piled in and rode with them across Houston Street Viaduct. I kept wondering if my decision to leave the book depository had been a mistake, but I wanted to know what cop had been shot . . ."

Ewell and Aynesworth didn't know that I was inside the book depository:

"Minutes dragged by in the book building. Word spread that a policeman had been shot to death in Oak Cliff. There was no connection made, however, by officers in the building between the assassination and the Oak Cliff death.

"The building superintendent showed up with some papers in his hand. I listened as he told detectives about Lee Oswald failing to show up at a roll call.

"My impression is there was an earlier roll call but it was inconclusive inasmuch as several employees were missing. This time, however, all were accounted for but Oswald.

"I jotted down all the Oswald information. The description and address came from company records. The superintendent would recall that he and a policeman met Oswald as they charged into the building after the shots were fired. Neither police in the building nor the superintendent knew that Oswald was already under arrest . . ."

Aynesworth and Ewell were covering that end of the story. Aynesworth was on a charmed journalistic streak that had begun that morning. Positioned on the parade route, he would witness the assassination, then the capture of Oswald and, two days later, would watch Ruby shoot Oswald. His streak would continue. Later, Aynesworth was the reporter who acquired for *The News* a copy of Oswald's Russian diary. Its publication was an exclusive feat.

Barred from the depository building by cops, Aynesworth recalled:

"I whipped around talking to police officers and listening to the many police radios. I suddenly heard a voice on the radio: 'This is a citizen. There's a police officer been shot over here . . . and I think he's dead.'

"The dispatcher asked an address. I got the address — not far off East Jefferson in Oak Cliff.

"I found Ewell. We held a split-second conference and decided that the man who killed the cop was more than likely an accomplice of the one we thought was trapped somewhere in the musty, dark confines of the book storehouse.

"I told Ewell, 'I'm going over there . . .'

Thwarted from entering the depository building, Ewell was itching to get to Oak Cliff and could no longer resist when he heard another report:

"The police radio talked of a suspect running south from the 400 block of East 10th, and squads were converging on this area . . .

"I saw Sgt. Jerry Hill and asked him what cop had been shot. He answered, 'J.D. Tippit.'

"Hill said Tippit was probably DOA.

"The search moved west on East Jefferson toward the main district of Oak Cliff. I was standing beside a squad car with a policeman who was examining a cotton jacket the cop-killer had abandoned. The radio reported that the suspect had been seen entering the Texas Theater. I saw Sgt. Hill running toward a squad car and I ran after it, too. The driver didn't notice me hanging onto the rear door handle as he sped off. I barely made it as he floorboarded it.

"It was like being swept up in a tidal wave as we raced into the theater. I found myself on the balcony landing . . . The cops on the balcony were jerking schoolboys out of their seats. I heard someone yell, 'He's down there on the lower floor.' And everyone stormed downstairs . . ."

Aynesworth was there:

"Somebody turned on the lights — not all of them, but part of them. The show kept right on, a nerve-wracking battle picture, *War Is Hell*.

"Four or five men were working their way up from the front of the theater, forcing patrons to stand up and be searched. It seemed there was about a dozen people in the downstairs area . . .

"Maybe it took one minute for the officers to find Oswald. I was behind him so I couldn't see his face. I was slightly too far away to hear what he said, but I watched his actions.

"As Patrolman N.M. McDonald came up on him, Oswald raised up, not too fast, but deliberately. I could hear something like, 'Well, this is it.'

"McDonald cried out, 'I've got him.'

"As Oswald stunned McDonald with a loud bolt to the head, another officer grabbed Oswald in a choke hold and pulled him back over the seat.

"I couldn't see what Oswald did, but suddenly McDonald made a tremendous effort. Three more officers, maybe four, joined McDonald. There was some tumbling about. I heard at least three grunts — all from different participants.

"Five or six men straightened Oswald up. He put up a hell of a fight considering the odds. 'Get him out of here as fast as you can,' barked an officer. Five men formed a wedge and took Oswald out the west aisle and into the lobby, then on out front to the street and quickly into a waiting unmarked police car.

"I heard Oswald shout, 'I protest this police brutality.'

"A hand reached out and covered his mouth. He said nothing else audible during the move into the automobile . . .

"A crowd of about 500 people, held at bay by uniformed officers, chanted, 'Kill the S.O.B. Kill the S.O.B. . . .' "

Only after leaving the theater to begin an afternoon and night of checking Oswald's background, did Ewell and Aynesworth learn that the shots fired at the president had proven fatal.

Reporters were scattering across the city, trying to accumulate details or angles of the story that would make some sense of it.

Tom Dillard, chief photographer (retired), had shot the sixth floor window of the depository building immediately after the ambush when one of a carload of cameramen in a convertible in the motorcade had pointed and said, "There's a rifle in that open window."

Dillard recalled: "In the three or four seconds it took me to locate the particular open window and make a picture, the rifle had been withdrawn." The photos by Dillard were so close to the ambush in time that investigators, including those of the Warren Commission, studied them for years.

Inside the brick book depository, I was becoming restless:

"I felt I had my end of the story pegged. When the crime lab men had finished and the policemen at the front door allowed the press crowd to enter, I wanted to return to the office.

"When I got back to *The News* from the book building, I found the city room more crowded than ususal. There was a great deal of excitement, of course, but I was struck by the lack of confusion.

"I looked at the clock and bega trying to read the 150 pages notes I had furiously scrawled du ing the bloody afternoon."

Around me, editors were tac ling a rapidly changing worl Their problem was to present an a count that could be set in concret for each upcoming edition. Ther were layouts, artwork, headline assignments and countless othe demands that wouldn't end unt the wee hours Saturday.

John King, the late city editor didn't rest until all potential sto ries were covered — morticians t medicos, political activists to cler gymen.

Tom Simmons recalled how th biggest type in the composing roon was dug out and the front pag banner was written, the art chose and the makeup roughed out.

"With the help of every depart ment, we were able to close out our first edition before 7:30 p.m. From then, it was a matter of keeping the story up to date and tidying our coverage . . ."

The memoirs don't reflect that anyone slept that night. The editors drifted out of *The News* around 4 a.m. while reporters were still following leads, re-tracing the motorcade route or solving the mysteries over bubbles in their beer.

Among those who had rolled out on their own time that day was John Rutledge, then — and now — night police reporter. Promptly, after word of the shooting, he drank a cup of coffee, adjusted his eyes to the daylight and fought congested traffic to reach what was known as *The Cop Shop*. He remembered:

"Inside things were near normal until you reached the third floor which houses detective bureaus, the press room, the chiefs' offices and dispatcher's office.

"TV cables snaked up through third-floor windows from big vans in the street. A tangle of cables came in through one assistant chief's office and connected to two live cameras in a hall junction a short distance from the homicide office. Visiting press people jammed the hall shouting, pushing and yelling questions to each other or to passing officers. Guards kept the press out of the homicide office. Inside it was jammed by detectives, FBI and Secret Service agents.

"Investigators were questioning Lee Harvey Oswald inside.

"Next door, in the forgery bureau, other officers questioned his wife. Across the hall, in Burglary & Theft, Oswald's mother waited, guarded by FBI men.

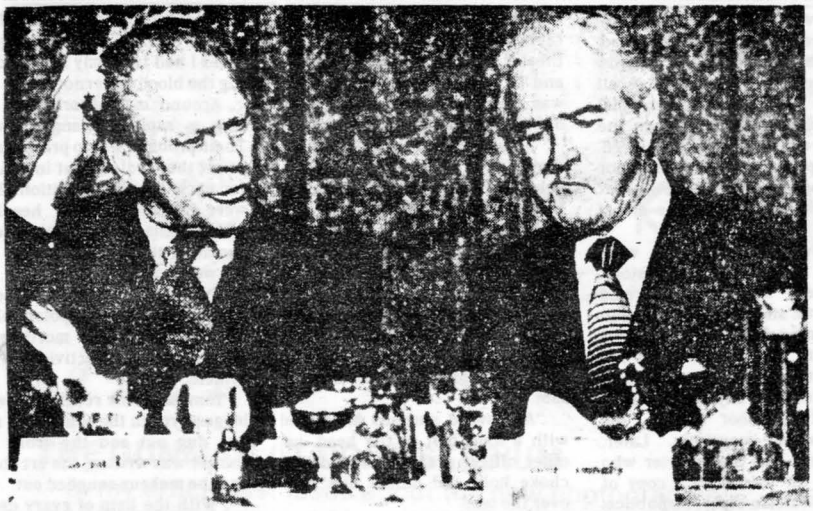
"In the hall seethed a wall-to-wall mob of visiting newsmen. When a police officer appeared to tell them something, none could hear the questions or answers because of the shouting.

"One man in the hall attracted attention because he was louder than the rest. He stayed near the homicide door tirelessly. He was packed in the mob.

"I asked a detective who that guy was. 'That's Jack Ruby,' he replied, adding that Ruby ought not to be up there.

"I recognized the name as that of a police character I used to hear a lot about in the 1950s . . ."

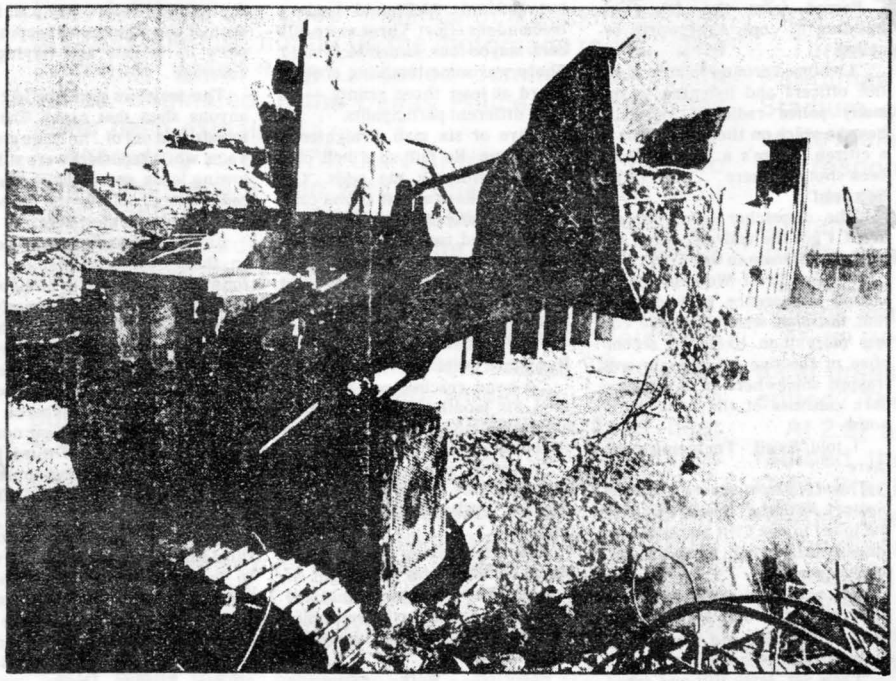
As the world knows now, Jack Ruby was waiting in the wings for his moment on camera.



Gerald Ford (left) and John Connally — *The Dallas Morning News file photo*

(What are these men saying? Can you guess? Does Ford give you indigestion, too? Or does Connally's Warren Commission support make you pull out your hair? Your captions are welcome...)

BRIEFS....Henry Hurt's JFK book Reasonable Doubt is being considered by other publishers; Reader's Digest, which canceled the project despite having paid a significant advance and expenses, has even offered some assistance....The story about witness Cheryl McKinnon (where was she in '63-'64) came from new researcher Michael Overcast; Mike has been trying to get an interview for further details ....Earl Golz, who has been editor of a weekly suburban newspaper, is the new Assistant Editor of Financial Trend, a 15 year-old Dallas business and investments weekly; the first of his several suits stemming from an Abilene bank story begins in early November....JFK interest will pick up with the Republican convention next month and the approaching 21st anniversary....COVERUPS is now two years old and there are more subscribers than ever - thanks to all and special thanks to Jack White and Gary Shaw.



The Dallas Morning News: Jay Godwin

DMN 12-21-81

Wreckers 1, Stadium 0

Demolition crews continue the work of leveling P.C. Cobb Stadium at Stemmons Freeway and Oak Lawn Avenue. The stadium and fieldhouse, site of hundreds of Dallas-area high school athletic events since its construction in 1939, is being razed to make way for a theater, high-rise hotel and retail and restaurant space to be built by Dallas developer Trammell Crow.

COVERUPS! is published bimonthly with occasional extra issues. Subscription price in North America is $1.00 (US) per issue—others should write for foreign rates. Back issues are available at your regular subscription price. Your subscription expires with the issue number on your address label. Original articles and clippings are greatly appreciated—Coverups! is dedicated primarily to the responsible study of the JFK assassination.

COVERUPS!
4620 Brandingshire Place
Fort Worth, TX 76133